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The German Student's Story.

I have myself, said Kreutzner, witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settle these matters with a sword, a better method, by the way, and more worthy of a soldier, than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull the trigger, but it requires the firm and steady eye of a man to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the trading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or by St. Andrew, the next hour there was a clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body—a gash opened in the cheek—the scull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a full of mountain water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say, who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shouldered, or daylight through his body.

There was among us one fellow named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissors of fate.—It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good-bye to his antagonists. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grew fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable; a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim mustaches, three inches long, twisted under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too; and among the women—heaven help us—wherever these mustaches showed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but to call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never had injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had blackballed him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanor, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prima game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude the lovely daughter of the Baron de Saale, the toast of all the country, upon whom the most of us have gazed on as something quite above us, it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unbidden at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result, for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew any thing of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gaily at the board, with so much of the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

'What, ho!' at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: 'a toast! come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.'

Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untouched—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian, leaned forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering crash and rattle, and then repented, in a voice husky with rage.

'There is a cup full; by St. Antony! I will make the owner swallow its measures of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.'

'Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless broils,' whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

'Drink, friend! muttered another, dryly, 'for he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

'Empty the cup, man!' cried a third; 'never brown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow's sunset.'

'It is Mentz the duelist,' said a fourth. 'Dost thou not know his wondrous skill. He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciless than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!'

During this interesting scene, the youth had remained motionless, cool and silent. A slight palour, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

By the mass, gentleman! he said at length, 'I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in Universities; but if yonder person be sane, and this no joke—'

'Joke!' thundered Mentz, looming at the lip.

'I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, or such insults.'

'Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?' said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; 'and art thou tired of life that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow? Boy! drink as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the fair! And his full round eyes opened, like those of a bull upon a daring victim.'

'That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely,' cried the youth, 'may not be denied by me.—But—I demand by what mischance I find her name thus common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?'

'By the bones of my father,' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—'by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But, said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more boldly, 'what folly is this! Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou.'

He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meek as the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added; 'Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head.'

What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of shame, shame, poltroon, coward! came hot and thick from the group of spectators who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed on the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

'Drink deep—down with it—to the dregs!'

Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed, that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence.

'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honored—Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But,' he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for thee, thou drunken, dragging, foolish beast! I scorn, I spit upon, I defy thee! And thus be punished thy base, brutal insulter, and thy stupid presumption.'

As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massive goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and

dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled.—But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although (his inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous call for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

'Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!'

'But, canst thou fight?' cried one.

'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword.'

'But though canst use it a little—canst thou?' asked another.

'But indifferently,' answered the youth.

'And how art thou with a pistol?' demanded a third.

'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold.—'I have no skill in shedding human blood.'

'Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?'

'Hated of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms; and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult.'

'Wie, then, thou shalt! and that ere to-morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a frenzy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon.

'I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

'And I except the challenge.'

'It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

'I love thee not, base dog!' replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so ingloriously a death.—I will fight thee, therefore to-night.'

'By heaven, boy!' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell! and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

'Be that my chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet even in hell a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

'To-night then be it,' said Mentz; 'though to-night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

'Dost thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth with a sneer.

'By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now.'

'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—'therefore will we lay down our lives here—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now.'

'There is no one who will be my friend,' said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

'No matter,' cried Arnold; 'I will myself forego the same privilege.'

'And your weapons?' said Mentz.

'Are here,' cried Arnold drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood.—The choice is yours.'

The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming his skill as a duelist, and from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion.

'Young man,' he cried in a voice clouded and low, but stopped, and said no farther.

'Your choice!' said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

Mentz seized one desperately, and said—

'Now name your distance.'

'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance! He then turned and addressed the company.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see her again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast, whom it were a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly, when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield

my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell; should any one of you hereafter chance to meet with Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz.—He then placed himself in an attitude of firing, broadened his exposed chest full before his foe, and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—'On your knees, base slave! vile dog! or you die!'

Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter, stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot.—Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles? Mentz covered his face with his hands, and rushed from the room.—He was never subsequently seen among us.

From the American Popular Library.

Worcester Rail-Road.

It is known to all the world, at least to that part of it which has ever heard of the good city of Boston, that it is situated on a peninsula, with a long neck; and our omnibus is going out in a southerly direction through the street which comes in over the neck, and extends, with no interruption, through with many a curve into the heart of the city. After riding half a mile thus, through a street of shops, we pull the bell opposite the Worcester rail-road office, and dismounting, we find our way among the crowd of travelers who are arriving in hacks and chaises, down to the train of cars, which are standing under the long sheds, with the locomotive engine puffing impatiently before them. The engineers' men are busy oiling the wheels and storing the fuel. The captain of the cars is arranging the passengers & securing the baggage-house, an edifice on wheels, deserving the name of house quite as much, whether we consider its size or commodiousness, as half the residences of the Irishmen who have constructed the road. Groups of idlers stand about, staring at the cars and the engine, and watching the movements of the engineer, who seems proud of the high spirited horse he is to drive. He stands at his post, turning the steam-cocks every now and then with great gravity, to ascertain the condition of his boiler.

By and by all is ready. We are seated with twenty or thirty others, in what might be called a spacious apartment, considering that it is in the interior of a coach, with a broad aisle up and down the interior, and stuffed seats on both sides. Or if we choose a snugger box, we take a different constructed car in another part of the train; it is divided into compartments, one of which we may fill, if we choose, with our own little company. When all is ready the bell gives notice to the engineer. The engine puffs and gives a pull, the whole train starts with a heavy jerk, and then trundles on slowly. The carmen trot along by the side, securing the doors and lorrying in the tardy passengers, and then leaping up, one after another, and clinging to the steps of the cars; the speed increases, and in a few moments we are rolling on with immense force and velocity over the long viaduct which stretches on piles over the extensive marsh, which in this direction separates the peninsula of Boston from the main land. We cross roads and bridges, sometimes over marshes and sometimes over water, until we reach the undulating upland, and then fly on, now shooting across a plain, now riding along over a high embankment over a ravine, now winding through a fruitful and luxuriant valley. The horses feeding in the pastures look at us a moment and then gallop away. Men, women, and children stop to gaze; and the workmen employed in smoothing off and finishing the road (for in America very few great undertakings are yet finished) stop and lean upon their hoe handle, apparently bracing themselves up by them, as if our velocity made them dizzy.

Before trying the rail-road, the traveler always thinks he shall be afraid; and, in fact, for the first fifteen minutes of the motion, most riders do feel a little pale. When running along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, within six inches of the brink of an embankment twenty feet high, one can hardly help speculating a little on the precise nature of the evolution which would be performed if the train should, by any mistake, get off the track. Then, again, as the course of the cars is so precisely determined, there is no need of waste room when passing

near the railing of a bridge, or the perpendicular wall of ragged rocks which forms the side of a cut through a hill. You shoot suddenly along such a wall, apparently within a few inches of it, and that without a moment's warning; for perhaps but an instant before, you were high in the air, running upon the top of an embankment; and as you dart by the sharp projecting rocks, which seem almost to rasp the side of the car, you can hardly help thinking what would have become of your head, if by any accident you had happened to be looking out to see where you were going. These feelings are, however, soon over; you begin before long to place confidence in the faithfulness of the wheels in running upon their proper track, and you learn to keep your head in the coach, where it ought to be. The excited imagination becomes calm, and you give yourself up to the intoxicating pleasure produced by the speed of your flight, as you roll along with just enough of irregularity in the motion to make you feel how swift it is. You have, at least, half the pleasure of actual flying, the speed, though not the elevation. You lose, after a very short time, all sense of danger, for there are no tips and reminders and joltings, as in a stage coach, to remind you perpetually of the possibility of an upset.—In traveling it is not danger, but fear of danger which causes suffering; and when drawn by a moving steam-engine over a couple of rails, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, whatever may be the actual danger itself, you soon lose all fear. Thus we go bowling along through hills and over valleys, across cornfields and orchards, and over roads and rivers, now sweeping round a majestic curve, now flying down a long but impeccable descent, now stopping at a landing place to let some of our passengers out and others hurry in, and now pausing a moment at a stationary boiler to give our copper steed a breathing spell, and refresh him with a drink. He is a temperate animal; keep him warm and give him plenty of water, and he will work for you incessantly, without food or sleep.

Freedom of the Mind.

That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law, written on the heart and in his word, as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reverts itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well doing, in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

It has pleased the All-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth, by difficulty and allurements; to place us in a world where wrong doing is often gainful, and duty rough and perilous; where many voices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences, which menace the intellect and the heart.

I call that mind free, which masters the senses; which protects itself against animal appetites; which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy; which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness; which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter; which, instead of stopping at the material universe, and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it every where bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers; which calls no man master; which does not content itself with a passion, or hereditary faith; which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supercede, but to quicken its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love; which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect; which recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and selfishness, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances; which is not swept away by the torrent of events; which is not the creature of accidental impulse; but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cower to human opinion; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's; which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave, or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in true virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing; which no menace or peril can embalm; which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

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It is rather of our readers request, and we have chosen to have our party, celebrator and Bani, which we suppose that both parties little, and from occasions not themselves.

SLAVRY. ingly zealous lieve to be a g diate emancipation. nounce all who as the abolition sucted therefrom tion of papers, ury received a nra Rights," tered among we are always of any plan to the exertions of Perhaps it is which men a ect, lest our s diminish our e the act rather good cause be in its promotion That immediate is by no means the consequence otherwise we the probable r verlooking all would it benevol that it would condition forever If this point w reason to weigh ourselves in th the purchase of mediate discol tempt be mad broken. We regard the uni of slight imp schemes. But There is no qu ath and west Will you pres states, and do enunciation and suppose a next? "The w of equality, oppressed. V extermination only in blood. conjure our issippi, which describe some much of their incendiary pu have not yet necessary to be good to alone We hope that train the zeal consequences

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